

J. Butts

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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THE
PRINCE OF BRITTANY,

A New Historical Novel.

In the year 1442, when the feudal system was prevalent in Europe, died John VI, Duke of Brittany. By his consort Joan, sister of Charles VII, King of France, he left three sons; Francis, his successor; Peter, Count of Guingamp; and Giles, Lord of Chantocé, whom in the course of this history, we shall call the Prince of Brittany. Their paternal uncle was the constable Arthur, Count of Richmond; an illustrious Nobleman, who could triumph at once over the English, the most formidable enemies of France, and over the courtiers of Charles; a conquest this last, which cost him, perhaps, greater efforts than the former.—Arthur had just quitted his beautiful retreat, at the Castle of Parthenay, with his new consort Catharine of Luxemburgh, in order to be present at the approaching nuptials of the duke his nephew.

Before we proceed farther in this history, it will be proper to give some idea of the three prin-

ces of Brittany.—Francis, whose passions bespoke a weakness and effeminacy of soul, was under the absolute guidance of his favorites, who according to custom, gave an ill direction to his very best dispositions. From this defect in his character proceeded, in the sequel that atrocious misconduct, which has forever obscured the lustre of all the good qualities he possessed.

Peter was not distinguished by a more manly understanding than his elder brother. A gloomy and petulant temper was rendered more disgusting still by a disposition tinged with all the superstition of the times. Extremes of every kind, even the extremes of virtue, are to be avoided. Peter although united to a most beautiful Princess lived in a state of absolute celibacy; and towards the end of his life submitted to all the austerities of the most rigid retirement.

The prince of Brittany, on the contrary, was endued with an independent soul, which disdained every appearance of obstruction. At the slightest impulse of inclination he was instantly decided. Wishes the most trifling in reality were ruling passions with this ungovern-

able mind. Inattentive to consequences, he would regard the present object only, seize it with transport, and to the acquisition of it sacrifice every consideration of the future. Even his generosity was characterized by this excessive violence. He scorned those political observances so necessary to all men, and especially to persons of his exalted rank. Equally incapable of concealment and restraint ever yielding to the 1st sallies of his impetuous temper, he was hurried from imprudence to imprudence, and from misfortune to misfortune; thus exhibiting to all the great necessity of endeavouring to acquire the habits of moderation and self command. This indiscreet precipitancy of conduct, This dangerous vice (for we can hardly give it another name) rendered even his virtues useless and unproductive; virtues, that have only inspired a too late and unavailing pity, the poor recompense of injured innocence.

Francis was impatient to be invested with the ducal mantle, and, as his first consort was dead, to form a new alliance, that might flatter his ambitious views. A daughter of James I. King of Scotland, in giving him her hand, added claims to her dowry, which some future contingencies might realize; it being settled that if her father should die without issue male, Issabella should succeed to the throne, and share it with her husband.

The double ceremony of the marriage and coronation of Francis had brought to his court the most illustrious of the French Nobility. The magnificent entertainments, given on this occasion were scarcely terminated, when the Prince of Brittany requested a private audience of the Duke:—
‘My brother,’ said he, ‘it is impossible to restrain my impatience. You have now attained the summit of felicity. You possess the lovely who was once destined for me;* and one day, perhaps, I may see you on the throne of Scotland. My lot is yet uncertain; but it is in your power to render it completely happy. I love the most adorable of women. I shall become a prey to grief, if I delay any longer to lead the charming Blicia to the altar. Forgive me: my passion has hitherto been a secret to you. Unavoidable circumstances have obliged me to conceal it. Her parents, bound by some indiscreet promise, extorted from them in a moment of weakness, have been averse to this union. They are now no more; and with them every obstacle has vanished. The family of Dinan, you are sensible, may aspire to an alliance with Sovereigns. Nothing is wanting but your approbation. As your liege subject, I humbly

* John VI, his two eldest sons being married, had demanded this Princess or his youngest; but the King of Scotland had then declined an alliance with his family.

solicit your favour : as your brother, I entreat it with all that ardour of affection which we owe to each other. By either title, I hope to gain your consent. My happiness, my life itself is at stake. Let my nuptials now speedily follow yours.'

Francis assures his brother that he would exert all his authority in his favour. He embraces him with fraternal tenderness, and is as warmly interested in his happiness as in his own. The enraptured Prince already imagines himself the husband of Alicia. He hastens to throw himself at her feet : 'No expressions,' said he, 'can describe my joy. The Duke is informed of all. He knows, divine Alicia, he knows that I idolize you—that I am impatient to be yours. Ah ! let the duke reign over Brittany ; let him allot me still no more than the paltry establishment I enjoy, unworthy as it is of my birth and rightful claims ; I will never more complain. Have I not obtained the supreme felicity of my life ? O my adorable mistress, am not I superior to my brother—to the greatest Monarch in the world ? Ah ! speak it, repeat a thousand times, that the Prince of Brittany first inspired you with sensibility. Can Virtue forbid the dear confession !'

He kissed one of her hands with transport. In the excess of emotion these expressive tears escap-

L. of C.

ed him, which have such a powerful empire over a young and tender heart.—'Prince,' answered Mademoiselle de Dinan, 'what do you wish—what can you require ? Yes ! I do not hesitate to say, it is you that have taught me I have a soul, alas, but too susceptible. But do you forget that my parents still live in an uncle, who inherits their power over me ? Has not the Marshall of Brittany an unconquerable aversion to you. Does he not compel me to endure the courtship, or rather the persecution, of Arthur de Montaban ? My cruel guardian exacts implicit obedience. He urges the solemn engagement of my parents in favour of my persecutor. It is my duty, he says to fulfil that promise—which will cost me my life.'—'You shall live—you shall be mine,' eagerly resumed the Prince ; 'no power on earth shall prevent our union. I adore you : your parents are no more ; you are free : you are mine : I have my brother's consent : I have yours. Will the presumptuous Arthur still contend with the brother of his Sovereign ? But, my superior rank out of the question, who can boast a passion that can vie with mine ?—Oh, my divine mistress, scatter these clouds ; let us have no other prospect but the altar. Every thing bespeaks our approaching happiness—all is propitious to an union which heaven has already formed.

Such was the ardour, such the impetuosity with which the Prince

of Brittany loved and spoke. He could divine no obstruction to his views. His happiness, as it was exquisite in idler, was no less certain in expectation. He ran to communicate his transports to his friend Tanguy, the Bastard of Brittany; while the charming Alicia still refused to harbour the flattering illusion.

Her apprehensions, indeed, were not without foundation. The Prince was surrounded at court by implacable enemies, who were secretly contriving his ruin, and who were actuated by every motion of revenge. Arthur de Montauban, hurried on by the effervescence of a passion, that heeded not the sanctity of laws, was impatient to be rid of a formidable rival, John de Hingant, Gentlemen of the Bed-Chamber, did not foster a less devouring flame: he had received some affront from the Prince of Brittany; and offended vanity is actuated by all the rage of jealous love. With these two persons was associated James d'Espinay, Bishop of Rennes. They directed at pleasure the weak understanding of the duke; and, being informed of the conversation which he had with his brother, they erected their batteries, in order to combat and destroy, if possible, the object of their hatred.

(To be Continued.)

THE ladies of the *thin flannel corps*, are beginning to resume the *thin muslins*, for the gratification of the admirers of *transparent views*.

From the Whig.

ORATION ON GAMING.

Go search the haunts
Where av'rice vile, his anxious vigil
keeps,
And the base soul hangs trembling in
suspence,
While from the hurried hand, the rolling
die
Or painted card, pregnant with fate de-
scends;
There will be found the furrowed brow
or Care,
Deep marked with lines of thought
stern Anguish there,
Herald of suicide tremendous frowns
Upon the sordid gamester, passion's
slave,
Who scatters to the wind the little store
That God had given him in a happier
hour,
To feed his hapless babes. And there
Remorse
From Time receive a catalogue of crimes
And list of murdered hours. But never
yet,
Hath Quaker there been found; &c. &c.
[Stuart's Poem of 'The Quakers.'

The following oration, by a young student in one of our principal seminaries, (prepared sometime since,) is surely worthy of some regard, at a time, when the evil it exposes is so rank and rife, as to require a strong corrective. Numbers, we know, are enticed into this *damnable* practice by a complacent disposition; by practising a fashionable amusement; for them we have some charity — But we desire to be informed wherein the inveterate gamester differs from the thief? It would be unjust to the highway-

man, (who has sufficient fortitude to face the pistol and to brave the gallows,) to run a parallel between him and the dicer or the card-player, who watches with eagle eye the unwary conduct of his simple *friend*, to rob him of his purse. The footpad is more magnanimous. If *gentlemen*, polished gentlemen, agree to cheat one another, after dining or supping together; is it more moral than a bargain to try which of the parties can steal the more?—We repeat, it is not so clever a business as highway robbery. But, really the subject is treated so ably and elegantly in the production we are about to insert, that our hasty comments may well be spared.

Among the different amusements which notwithstanding the sanction of fashion and general adoption, will always wear the coloring, and merit the stamp of criminality it would be difficult to discover any one, so extensively injurious in its tendency or so terribly destructive in its consequences, as GAMING.

None of the branches of vice are so deeply marked with guilt, as those which engender a *total* disregard for moral and religious laws. The seducer, the slanderer and the sensualist we seldom find wholly and continually wrapt in the gratification of their unnatural propensities. There are moments when conscience obliges them

tremblingly to acknowledge her power,—when she forces them to take a reluctant glance at past and to reflect on what may possibly, be the nature of their future conditions: but from the mind of the gamester, every vestige of an inclination to weigh the consequences of his pursuits, is carefully eradicated,—every thought of both the future and the past is studiously avoided:—his whole soul, with all the energies and faculties which God hath given it, are occupied—not in religious preparations to guard against the approaching torrent—not in entreaties to the beneficence of the Almighty for strength to resist its encroachments; but in the illusory employment of calculating and anticipating success, or in devising projects to ruin the associates of his criminal pursuits.

If it be admitted that this forms a correct picture of the usual state of a gamester's mind, it will be unnecessary to search for any other source, from which to procure arguments to illustrate the criminality of his profession.

The future condition of the soul is to be determined, by the manner in which we direct its faculties and powers while inhabitants on earth. Our *thoughts* are as open to the contamination, and as liable to the imputations of guilt as our external actions, and will undergo a similar ordeal on our entrance into the world of spirits. If this be true, and Revelation forbids us to doubt,

the proper regulation of our sentiments in a moral point of view, is a matter of serious import, as well in regard to our future as our present felicity.

Caution the most vigilant, and attention the most unremitting is requisite, to guard the feelings against the insinuating and imperceptible approaches of impurity and vice. Whenever the mind is in the slightest degree contaminated, its corruption, if not timely prevented, by vigorous exertions, will advance with surprising rapidity; and strong and persevering must be our effort, if we would secure preservation, in all their natural elasticity, of the chace and virtuous affectations of the heart.

Our danger however, is not in every case, to be calculated, precisely in proportion to the extent of the contagion. The degrees as well as species of infection, are both numerous and diversified. Some of them, although highly deleterious in their effects, are yet, neither extensive nor violent in their operations.—Others, with irresistible velocity, overwhelm and ruin the whole moral fabric. Some seize on the soul at particular periods, and certain emergencies and hold it in temporary imprisonment—while others, though gradual and slow in their encroachment, are never superficial in their enquiries. They spread themselves slowly, but deeply, through the whole mass, and by their very tardiness,

give efficiency to their attacks and permanency to their consequences.

Among the latter, we may class a spirit and fondness for the amusement I have chosen for the theme of the present address.

It will perhaps not be unnecessary to remind those whom I have the honor of addressing, that whenever I make mention of *vice*, I refer only to such of its branches as are *legally* unpunishable,—as are restrained by none but the laws of virtue and religion.—The murderer,—the robber,—and all other criminals liable by the laws either to bodily or pecuniary punishment, our courts of justice have authority and power to correct and to restrain. My design is to meddle with criminals of a different stamp; with the *cowardly* votaries of vice—with such as have not *courage* to commit crimes that may bring them in collision with the laws, but who resort to those they may pursue with impunity, unterrified by the reflection, that they may hereafter be summoned to the criminal tribunals of their country to atone for their misconduct.

Whenever a man becomes a *professed gamester*, every idea and sentiment unconnected with his immediate pursuits, is viewed, if noticed at all, with a careless and indifferent eye. This can not apply to the votaries of any other criminal amusement. It is impossible to find, beside a fondness for gaming, any improper propensity

that pervades and choaks up *all* the channels of the mind. The duellist seldom *commits murder* through fatuity—it is mostly from self-wrought desperation; and when the motives that influenced his conduct cease to operate, he is generally, ready to acknowledge its impropriety. The betrayer of female innocence and the man of intemperance, suffer a temporary intoxication while giving a loose to their passions, but they both have their moments of sobriety. We seldom hear of men whose lives are passed in the invention of methods to ruin the ‘fair fame’ of individuals of the softer sex—or of persons ever arriving at so low a state of debasement as to be continually, in a state of inebriety. But the gamester has no leisure hours to devote to calm reflection. If the tide of success is strong and high, it overwhelms him with a pleasure that intoxicates—if it ebbs, he is lost in despondency and gloom. In the one case he is occupied in self congratulations on his good fortune and in projecting means to ensure its continuance: in the other, blasphemy and despair are his only companions. Is it possible to conceive a state more amply replenished with all the constituents of misery? Is the subject of my portrait unmarried?—he is shunned by all except a certain circle, similarly situated with himself—his moroseness renders his presence every where painful; he is an isolated being neither loved nor respected.—Is he a husband? turn

your regards towards his sorrowing and neglected wife—try to conceive her feelings and calculate the extent of her wretchedness.—She is no longer met with the smile of love or look of warm affection she was once accustomed to receive. Engrossed in his calculations and his projects, her unfeeling partner has no longer any taste or fondness for domestic duties or domestic happiness. His children and his home are alike neglected. The endearing caresses of the one, and the pleasures of the other, are insipid and fatiguing. The lovely and unoffending companion of his former virtuous and happy days, cruelly neglected, or when noticed, treated with a chilling, a freezing indifference, receives a wound that no sanative can reach. She droops,—languishes,—dies! The pledges of the love she bore him, are disregarded and left without protection or advice. The mother’s affectionate, attentive eye removed, they are suffered to grow up in wild exuberance, without correction or without restraint, until in time they become a disgrace and a pest to society, and an insupportable burthen to themselves!

These are among the most serious consequences of an early indulgence of a fondness for play. Let none suppose the picture is a fancy-piece; would it were so! but truth demands a denial of the supposition.

It would be a source of the pur-

est and sincerest pleasure, were I certain that any remarks I have made this evening, were inapplicable to the youth of Baltimore—Could I be persuaded that in the metropolis of Maryland, there were none liable to the imputations that will always attach to the character of the gamester, it would be to me the cause of many agreeable and delightful sensations.—But alas! I am compelled to say that this is not the case.

A very slight degree of observation will enable any one to perceive that the younger portion of our citizens is pretty generally tainted with an inclination for play. He who will permit his curiosity to lead him to our billiard tables, and our different places of resort for gaming in all its varieties, will find a strong and convincing proof of this, in the eagerness with which the greater part of the attendants at those places venture their money in the contest, and the anxiety with which they await the result of their speculations. I will not be so unjust as to assert, that all who appear to participate in the occupations for which those places are professedly intended are gamblers; but I would be equally unjust if I admitted that none of them merited that title.

Among the great variety of persons that are to be found at the gaming houses of our city, I have not the least doubt that there are many who resort thither but sel-

dom, and then only to fill up the vacuity of an idle hour;—others are perhaps, driven to them by wants, which need immediate relief. But can the first discover no other method of removing the ennui which idleness produces, than by devoting their time to an amusement which their good sense will oblige them to view as improper? Has literature no charms? Can the various branches of learning afford no recreation? and are not the toils of business to be relieved by a recourse to books?—In regard to necessity's forming a proper and valid excuse, for resorting to the gaming table, there is but one answer:—from whatever is intrinsically evil, a happy prosperity can never be derived. However cheering may be the smiles with which fortune at first favors the advocate for her good graces, he need never look for a lasting pleasure from her kindest regards. The success he meets with at first, only whets his desire for gain, and produce a determination to proceed in his career.—But he only enjoys a temporary felicity. The inclination to tempt his fortune to the utmost, engendered by the success of his first essay, leads him to make new trials;—but, the fickle goddess no longer exhilarates him with her smiles he is now unsuccessful—he makes another effort—still she turns from him,—again he is unfortunate, once more and the dreams of happiness and wealth which fancy had painted in his imagination vanish into obscurity.—

All the gay expectations of the pleasures which riches would have enabled him to purchase, are in a moment destroyed and his original poverty, with all its attendant miseries, return with aggravated horrors.

Did my limits allow it, I should like to have noticed some of the principle existing causes that tend to foster propensities to gaming instead of eradicating them from the minds of our young men—but your patience has been sufficiently tried—on your kindness and politeness, it would be improper to trespass, and therefore, with grateful thanks for the attention with which you have listened to my crude and disconnected remarks I conclude with a sincere wish that the hints I have thrown out, may induce many, now before me to reflect seriously on the subject I have attempted to discuss.

Baltimore, Nov. 9, 1811.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

THE good husband is one who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle. He treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, and with tenderness as a friend. He attributes her folly to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency. He passes them over, therefore, with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence. All his strength and

power are exerted for her support and protection. He is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation because hers is blended with it. Lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of Christianity by his own example; that as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite to insure eternal joy & felicity in that which is to come.

A GOOD WIFE.

THE good wife is one who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she hath entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, consonant, and faithful to her husband; chaste, pure, and unblemished in every thought, word, and deed. She is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination. What she acquires by love and tenderness she preserves by prudence and discretion. She makes it her business to serve and oblige her husband; conscious that every thing that promotes his happiness must in the end contribute to her own.— Her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress; her good-humour and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions. 'She openeth her mouth,' as Solomon says, 'with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'

She looketh well to the way of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness : her children rise up and call her blessed her husband also, and he praiseth her.' As a good and pious Christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the Dispenser and Disposer of all things, to the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless, intreating his divine favor and assistance in this and every other and religious duty ; well satisfied that if the duty and punctually discharges her several offices in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another—' Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain ; but a woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised.'

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE CHARMS OF TOBACCO.

BY KING JAMES.

This Monarch had a remarkable antipathy to *Tobacco*, and he has left us his opinion of his now popular herb. '*Tobacco*,' he says, 'was the lively image and pattern of hell ; for that it had, by allusion in it all the parts and vices of the world, whereby hell may be gained ; to wit : first, it was smoke--

so are all the vanities of this world : secondly, it delighteth them who take it--so do all the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world : thirdly, it maketh men drunk and light in the head--so do all the vanities of the world, men are drunken therewith, fourthly, he that taketh tobacco, saith he cannot leave it, it doth bewitch him--even so the pleasures of the world make men loth to leave them, they are for the most part enchanted with them ; and further, it is like h--l in the very substance of it : for it is a stinking loathsome thing, and so is h--l !' & further, 'his Majesty professed, that were he to invite the d--l to dinner, he should have three dishes ;--first, a pig ; secondly, a fole of ling and mustard : and thirdly, a pipe of tobacco, for digestion ?'

THE ILLETERATE ROBER.

A gentleman, one evening pretty late, passing over the Pont Neuf, new bridge, in Paris, with a lanthorn in his hand, was accosted by a strange man, in a manner rather polite and seeming suppliant, who requested him to read a paper, which, he said, he had that moment picked up, and did not know, but what it might be of consequence ; the gentleman, in holding up his lanthorn, in order to read the paper, had likewise an opportunity of surveying the person, and features of the person who had accosted him, which he did with some attention ;

In the paper, he found a few lines, which I have translated as literary as the idiom of the two languages would admit.

Speak not a word when this you've read
Or in an instant you'll be dead,
Give up your money, watch, and rings;
Or other valuable things;
Depart then quickly as you will,
Only remember silence still,

The gentleman considering his situation, and the purport of the thread contained in the paper, thought it most prudent to continue silent, and to act as it directed—he accordingly delivered his watch, rings, money, &c. but, at the same time, renewed his survey of the person to whom he gave them—and was so minute in his scrutiny, that he fancied he could at any time swear to him.

The man was soon apprehended for a riot, and, on his way to the justice was perceived by the gentleman to whom he had presented the paper, who accompanied him to the magistrate, and exhibited an account of the before mentioned occurrences against him; he was, for want of proper proof, respecting the riot, acquitted of the affair, but was sent to prison on account of the gentleman's accusation.

When he was brought to the bar to take his trial, he appeared quite unconcerned, and pleaded not guilty, with the greatest confidence; the gentleman, who was

the only evidence that could be produced, swore positively to the fact, and to the identity of his person.

When he came to make his defence, he thus addressed the bench:

“My lords, I confess on the evening specified, I did meet this gentleman on Pont Neuf, and the transaction as he has related it very exactly, passed between us; but in the affair, I am very far from having been guilty of any ill intention—It is my misfortune not to be able to read; I picked up the paper just before I met the gentleman; I thought perhaps it might be of consequence. Seeing the gentleman, and judging from his appearance that he might be able to read, observing likewise the conveyance of his having a lantern in his hand, I requested that he would do me the favour to read the paper—he complied—and after reading it to himself, to my great surprise, he put his rings, watch and money into my hands: I was so astonished that I had not power to inquire into the contents of the paper, or to follow him for an explanation of his actions—afterwards, on reflection, I imagined the paper must have been of great value, and that he had given me his rings, watch and money, in order to get rid of me, and to keep to himself what was far more considerable in worth. Thus, if any one hath been wronged, I think it is myself, and I hope justice will be done me.”

By this bold and artful defence, and the notoriety of his not having made any formal demand on the gentleman, he got off, for he was acquitted, though the whole court was conscious of his being the guilty person.

From a late English Magazine.

A LOVE ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

There have been frequent instances of the daughters of Moors and Persians marrying, with the consent of their parents, European gentlemen ; but I do not know, that ever an European married a Gentoo. The ladies, I believe, might sometimes be prevailed on to sacrifice religious prejudices to the power of all-conquering love, if they were not restrained by the authority of their parents.—Lieutenant L—th, happening to walk abroad in the suburbs of Bombay, perceived a very beautiful lady looking from a window of a house one of the walls of which almost touched that of the garden in which it was enclosed. He stopped to contemplate her charms : which the lady perceiving, she instantly withdrew into her apartments. Mr. L—th, kept his ground, in hopes that his charmer would appear again at the window : nor were his hopes deceived ; for whether from curiosity, the vanity of being admired, or the dawn of a passion similar to that which began to fire the lieutenant, she approached the window again, but

without looking out, as she had done before. Her admirer bowed respectfully, and endeavoured, by natural signs, to make her sensible of the tender emotions which she had inspired. How eloquent is nature, even unassisted by the power of speech ! The lady seemed to comprehend his meaning : for after daring a short glance which did not express either aversion or contempt, she shook her head, and forthwith retired. The lieutenant who could think on nothing but this scene, repaired to the same spot next day, at the same hour. After waiting for some time, the lady happened again to look out at the window : and the same mute expression was renewed, which had passed the day before, but longer continued.

Although the East India Company make a considerable addition to the pay of such officers in their service as understand the language of the natives, Mr. L—th, who is by no means a lover of money, had not given himself the trouble of acquiring it : but now, to the surprise of all his acquaintance, he became a great student, and his only companion was Richardson's Persian Dictionary. He soon acquired as much Persian, as enabled him to express in words, what he endeavoured to communicate to his angel by the language of nature. In the mean time, his visits were regularly repeated, and the lady did not fail to give him audience. The time of meeting was

changed from day to night, whose silent shade is favourable as once to the success of lovers, and the delicacy of their passion. Mr. L—th and his Gentoo fair one, now glowing with a mutual flame, exchanged the sentiments of their hearts, at a distance from each other, like Pyramus and Thisbe, but met with a kinder fate: for the lady, having arrayed herself in her richest robes, adorned with all her jewels, at the hour of midnight threw herself by means adapted to the delicacy of her frame, into the arms of her lover: thus bidding an eternal adieu to her father's house, her kindred, and religion. The father of this young woman made grievous complaints to the Governor of Bombay, of the conduct of Mr. L—th, who, he affirmed, had degraded his daughter below the rank of an Hallachore, and brought an indellible disgrace on his family. In short, he prayed that as some reparation to the dignity of his house, Lieut. L—th might be dismissed from the company's service,

The governor replied, that if Mr. L—th had used either fraud or violence, in order to carry off his daughter, not only would the Company have discarded him from their service, but the British laws would have inflicted severer punishment: but since it appeared that what had happened was with the lady's consent, it was incompetent to him or the British government, to stigmatize, in any shape

the lieutenants conduct. Mrs. L—th has for ever lost the regard of her family, but that circumstance only serves to endear her the more to the heart of an affectionate and generous husband.

J. M.

Lines on the Death of the Venerable
GEORGE CLINTON.

'How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest;
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.'

COLLINS.

Ah? whence those sounds of woe, that
swell

The breast with boding fears;
And why that sad and solemn knell,
That prompts a nation's tears?

And why is Freedom's sacred fane*
With sable garments hung;
And why, O Muse, to freedom dear,
Why is thy lyre unstrung?

Alas! the gales that round us play,
A melancholy truth convey;
The deep mouthed cannon's solemn
roar
Proclaims the Patriot CLINTON is no
more.

And is the veteran hero dead,
And has his sainted spirit fled?
And is that arm, which once unfurled
Fair freedoms banners to the world,

* The chair of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and of the President of the Senate, were hung in black on the mournful occasion.

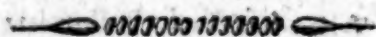
And fought to seal a nation's doom,
Laid cold and nerveless in the tomb!

Oh? yes; but long his glorious name
Shall fill the trump of grateful Fame;
His country's prayers, his country's
sighs,
Now waft his spirit to the skies?

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, June 6, 1812.

*"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times."*



Cow Pox—In an official report made by the department de l' Eure, it is stated that three children, who had been vaccinated seven years before, were inoculated with the small pox, without producing effect, thus affording the strongest assurance of the permanency of the effects of Vaccination.

On Saturday, last we understand, two gentlemen were crossing the ferry at Germanna, with their horses and two ferry-men, when the rope, which is stretched across the ferry, gave way, and the boat was carried down by the current. It was seen about two miles below, rapidly descending the river but no intelligence has since been obtained either of the boat or the persons on board.

Charlestown, May 21.

By a person from St. Jonas Berkeley, we are informed, that on Tuesday night last, the house of Dr. Ware, situated in that Parish, about 45 miles from town, was burnt to the ground, and that Dr. Ware unfortunately fell a victim to the

devouring element! No part of the body has been found, but his collar bone.

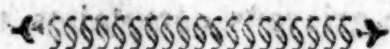
CONDITIONS

OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

The price is Two DOLLARS, per annum—distant Subscribers half yearly in advance, otherwise the papers will not be forwarded to them, except where there are Agents to collect the same.

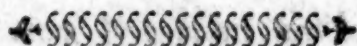
It shall be delivered to Subscribers, in the City, every Saturday and forwarded to those in country by the earliest conveyance.

Postage to be paid on all Letters directed to the Editor, (except Agents) or otherwise the Letters will not be attended to.



Married.

On Monday evening last by the rev. Mr. Thatcher, Garret Walgrove, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Ellen Burger, all of this city.



Died.

On Tuesday morning last, of a nervous complaint, widow Ewe Hardenbrook, much regretted, in the 57th year of her age.

On Monday evening, last at his late residence in New Jersey, Dr. Beekman Van Beuren formerly an inhabitant of this city, in the 80th year of his age.

On Wednesday last, of a lingering illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Mr. David Birdsell, jun, aged 19 years and 6 months.



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.**

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.



From the Boston Chronicle.

The following tribute to Poetical merit,
is from the pen of a young Lady,
whose mind is most richly endowed
with genius.

'COLUMBIA'S BARD.

Where yon willows boughs entwining,
Cast a shadow o'er the plain ;
In her classic shades reclining,
Science mourns the loss of Paine†—

'Columbia's Bard !'

O'er his tomb the muses weep,
Where shrined in earth, his ashes sleep !

Never ! shall her tuneful numbers
Charm the listening ear again !
Cold and silent, where he slumbers,
Genius weeps the fate of Paine—

'Columbia's Bard !'

'Son of Song !' thy lay is o'er—
The festive hall resounds no more !

'To-morrow may the traveller come'—
He who has heard the poet's strain
His foot may press the grassy tomb,
Unconscious 'tis the bed of Paine—

'Columbia's Bard !'

* Ossian.

† Robert T. Paine of Boston—and not
the celebrated Thomas Paine.

Hark ! the hollow night breeze sighs
Where wrap'd in death the poet lies !

Haste thee Spring ! to deck thy bowers,
Bid young Beauty dress the plain ;
Let thy fairest , sweetest flowers ,
Wreath around the tomb of Paine—

'Columbia's Bard !'

May he, who bears his fathers name,
Possess his genius! merit all his fame!

AUGUSTA.

THE SAVOYARD.

(By R.T. Paine, A. M.)

To fame unknown, to happier for-
tune born,

The blythe SAVOYARD hails the peep
of morn ;

And while the fluid gold his eye sur-
veys,

The hoary GLACIERS fling their dia-
mond blaze ;

GENEVA's broad lake rushes from its
shores,

ARVE gently murmurs, and the rough
RHONE roars.

Amid the Alps, his cabin peers from
high,

Hangs o'er the clouds, and perches on
the sky.

O'er fields of ice, across the headlong
flood*

From cliff to cliff he bounds in fearless
mood.

While, far beneath, a night of tempest
lies,

Deep thunder mutters, harmless light-
ning flies :

While far above, from battlements of
snow,

Loud torrents tumble on the world be-
low ;

On rustic reed he wakes a merrier tune,
Than the lark warbles on the 'IDEA OF
JUNE,'

Far off, let Glory's CLARION shrilly
sweell :

HE loves the music of his PIPE as well.
Let shouting millions crown the hero's
head,

And PRIDE her tessellated pavement
tread ;

More happy far, this denizen of air
Enjoys what Nature 'condescends to
spare,

His days are jocound, undisturb'd his
nights,

His SPOUSE contents him, and his MULE
delights !

From the Boston Gazette.

Messrs Editors

I send you for insertion a copy of an
unfinished MS. Poem, found among the
papers of the deceased sage, PRINZO
ZONDEES. Yours, MOSES.

PAY WHAT YOU OWE.

Ye young and ye aged, ye ugly and
pretty,

Ye poor and ye wealthy, ye foolish and
witty,

Ye of high, and of low grades,

Jack of all, and of no trades,

To give my verse attention, and quickly
I'll show,

That the one needful thing is to *pay what*
you owe.

* * * * *

In 'great snuff' see Lord Strut—how he
dashes away,

On Cornhill, or 'Change, at the Ball-
Room or Play ;

In his *unpaid for breeches,*

He'll brag of his riches

With the air of a Nabob, yet all the
world knows,

That my Lord would 'sing small,' did
he *pay what he owes.*

Madam Flirt next behold, how she
saunters along,

(At her elbow some fopling,) the gaze of
the throng,

But take care, my good lady,

You'll find the world ready,

With its sneers, and with its tea-table-
tattle to show,

What, (if you should forget,) to your
husband you owe.

Ned Toper next view—driving on, un-
reflecting,

The duties of husband and father ne-
glecting ;

Still he sticks to the bottle,

The dice and their rattle,

And to sympathy lost, ne'er alleviates
the woes,

That springs from his failure to *pay*
what he owes.

Sae B dw'll, the patriot—palavering elf,
How he *diddles* the people, and pockets
the pelf :

With his oily-tongue-speeches,

The dupes he o'er-reaches,

Till, answer'd his ends, with *French*
leave off he goes,

And political *lame-ducks* must *pay what*
he owes.

* * * * *

By and by father Time brings us in an
account,

We examine the *foot* and find life's the
amount ;

No denying we've had it,

And death gives us no *credit*,

Nor will be put off, pleas'd or sorry we
go,

To pay to dame nature the *debt we all*
owe.

—*—*—

WANTED.

Two or Three Young Ladies as Ap-
prentices, to the Taylors Business, ap-
ply at No. 1 Pellham-Street.

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